

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS,

K

SACRED DRAMA.

Set to Music by **GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.**

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, 1782;

[Price Six-Pence.]



JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.



Dramatis Personæ.

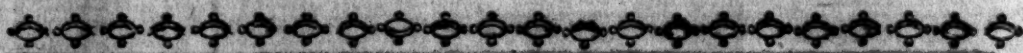
A. M. A. R. T. I. S. T. A. S.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, his Brother.

CHORUS of Israelitish Men and Women.

Set to Music by George Friderick HANDEL.



L. O. N. D. O. N.
Printed by J. B. R. 1782.



S A C R E D D R A M A.

Chorus of *Israëlites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death
of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Macchabæus*.

MOURN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
Of captive *Judah*, mourn in solemn Strains,
Your sanguine Hpes of Liberty give o'er;
Your Father, Friend and Hero is no more.

Israelitish Man.

Well, Brethren may your Sorrows flow
In all the expressive Signs of Woe ;
Your softer Garments tear,
And squalid Sackcloth wear ;
Your drooping Heads with Ashes strew,
And with the flowing Tear your Cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful Cries
And loud Lament ascend the Skies ;
Your tender Bosoms beat, and tear
With Hands remorseless, your dishevell'd Hair,
For pale and breathless *Mattathias* lies :
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miseries !

D U E T.

From this dread Scene, these adverse Pow'rs,
Ah ! whither shall we fly ?
Oh, *Solyra*, thy boasted Tow'rs
In smoaky Ruins lie,
Ah, whither shall we fly ?

C H O R U S.

For *Sion* Lamentation make,
With Words that Weep, and Tears that speak.

RECITATIVE.

S I M O N,

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
To vent our Sorrows give Relief,
Wretched indeed ! but let not *Judah's* Race
Their Ruin, with desponding Arms, embrace,
Distractful

Distractful Doubt and Desperation,
 Ill become the chosen Nation.
 Chosen by the great *I am*,
 The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
 We trust, will give attentive Ear
 To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
 Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
 Will to the Lord ascend and move
 His Pity, and regain his Love.

C H O R U S.

O Father, whose Almighty Power
 The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore!
 The Hearts of *Judah*, thy Delight
 In one defensive Band unite.
 Grant us a Leader bold and brave,
 If not to conquer born to save.

RECITATIVE.

S I M O N.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
 Who, the bright *Cherubim* between,
 His radiant Glory erst display'd;
 To *Israel's* distressful Pray'r
 He hath vouchsafed a gracious Ear,
 And points out *Macchabæus* to their Aid,
Judas shall set the Captive free,
 And lead us on to Victory.

A I R

(6)

A I R.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble Cause,
The Cause of Heav'n, your Zeal demands;
In defence of your Nation, Religion and Law,
The Almighty *Jehovah* will strengthen your Hands.

C H O R U S.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judas, thy Sceptre to obey.

RECITATIVE.

J U D A S.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Transport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old
For their Exploits in War—Oh may *their* Fire
With active Courage, *you* their Sons inspire;
As when the mighty *Joshua* fought,
And those amazing Wonders wrought;
Stood still, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
Till Kings he had destroyed, and Kingdoms won.

A I R.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War:
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restor'd.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary Zeal,
Bless him, *Jehovah*, bless him, and once more
To thine own *Israel* Liberty restore.

A I R.

O Liberty, thou choicest Treasure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure;
Life without thee knows no Blessing,
No Endearments worth careffing.

A I R.

'Come, ever-smiling Liberty.
And with thee bring thy jocund Train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleasures reign.

A I R.

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun:
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.

C H O R U S.

Lead on, lead on, *Judah* disdains
The galling Load of hostile Chains.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

J U D A S.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at rest
In the eternal Mansions of the Blest;

" Can ye behold, said he, the Miseries

" In which the long insulted *Judah* lies?

" Can ye behold their dire distress,

" And not at least, attempt Redress?"

Then faintly with expiring Breath——

" Resolve my Sons on Liberty or Death."

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

We come: Oh, see thy Sons prepare

The rough Habiliments of War;

With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,

To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands,

A I R.

Disdainful of Danger, we'll rush on the Foe,

That thy Pow'r, O *Jehovah*, all Nations may know.

RECITATIVE.

J U D A S.

Ambition! If e'er Honour was thine Aim,

Challenge it here:

The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.

A I R

A I R.

No unhallow'd Desire,
 Our breasts shall inspire;
 Nor Lust of unbounded Pow'r;
 But Peace to obtain:
 Free Peace let us gain.
 And Conquest shall ask no more.

C H O R U S.

Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
 Resolv'd on Conquest, or a glorious Fall.

B R I T A N N I C P A R T



PART the SECOND:

C H O R U S.

FALL'N is the Foe—— So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike *Judas* wields his righteous Sword,

RECITATIVE.

Israclitish Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell
With her last Breath, how *Appolonius* fell,
And all *Samaria* fled, by thee pursu'd,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood,
While thy resistless Prowess dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's Boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Host.

A I R

[11]

A I R.

So rapid thy Course is,
Not numberless Forces
Withstand thy all-conquering Sword:
Though Nations surround thee
No Pow'r shall confound thee
Till Freedom again be restor'd.

D U E T T O and C H O R U S.

Sion now her Head shall raise,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Well may we hope our Freedom to receive,
Such sweet transporting Joys thy Actions give.

A I R.

Flowing Joys do now surround me,
Rising pure without Controul;
No Despair can ever wound me,
While thy Prowess warms my Soul.
Judas rejoiceth in his Name,
And triumphs in a Hero's Fame.

C H O R U S.

Hail, hail *Judea*, happy Land!
Salvation prospers in his Hand.

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

J U D A S.

Thanks to my Brethren——But look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let Glory and all Praise be given;
To Heav'n give your Applause,
Nor add *the second Cause*,
As once your Fathers did in Midian,
Saying, *The Sword of God and Gideon*.
It is the Lord who for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

A I R.

How vain is Man who boasts in Fight,
The Valour of Gigantic Might:
And dreams not that a Hand unseen,
Directs and guides this weak Machine!

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Messenger.

O Judas, O my Brethren!
New Scenes of bloody War
In all their Horrors rise.
Prepare, prepare,
Or soon we fall a Sacrifice.
To great Antiochus; from th' Egyptian Coast,
(Where Ptolemy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost)

He sends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
His proud victorious Bands
To root out *Israel's* Strength, and to erase
Every Memorial of the Sacred Place.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Ah! wretched, wretched *Israel*; fall'n how low,
From joyous Transport to desponding Woe.

RECITATIVE.

S I M O N.

Be comforted, nor think these Plagues are sent,
For your Destruction, but for Chastisement.
Heav'n oft in Mercy punisheth, that Sin
May feel its own Demerits from within,
And urge not utter Ruin——Turn to God,
And draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.

A I R.

The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raise,
And still as he thunders
Is fearful in Praise.

RECIT-

A I R

RECITATIVE.

J U D A S.

My Arms! against this *Gorgias* will I go—
The *Idumean* Governor shall know
How vain, how ineffective his design,
While Rage his Leader, and *Jehovah* mine.

A I R.

Sound an Alarm—Your Silver Trumpets sound,
And call the Brave, and only Brave around.—
Who listeth, follow.—To the Field again.—
Justice with Courage is a thousand Men.

C H O R U S.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful Call:
And follow thee to Conquest;—If to fall;—
For Laws, Religion. Liberty, we fall.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

No more in *Sion* let the Virgin Throng
Wild with Delusion, pay their nightly Song
To *Ashtoreth*, yclep'd the Queen of Heav'n:
Hence to *Phœnicia* be the Goddess driv'n;
Or be she with her Priests and Pageants hurl'd
To the remotest Corner of the World;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

A I R

[15]

A I R.

Wise Men, flatt'ring, may deceive us
With their vain mysterious Art:
Magic Charms can ne'er relieve us,
Nor can heal the wounded Heart,

But true Wisdom can relieve us,
Godlike Wisdom from above:
This alone can ne'er deceive us,
This alone all Pains remove.

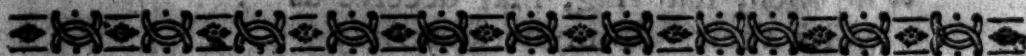
D U E T.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone,
But ever worship *Isr'el's* God,
Ever obedient to his Nod.

C H O R U S.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone—
We worship God, and God alone.

PART



P A R T the T H I R D.

Israelitish *Priests*. [Havin recovered the Sanctuary, &c.

FATHER of Heav'n, from thy eternal Throne,
 Look with an Eye of Blessing down;
 While we prepare, with holy Rites,
 To solemnize the *Feast of Lights*.
 And thus our grateful Hearts employ,
 And in thy Praise
 This Altar raise,
 With Carols of triumphant Joy.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

See, see yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
 In spiry Streams pursue the trailing Smoke!
 The fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air;
 Sure Prefage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may cease,
 And *Judah's* Daughters taste the Calm of Peace;
 Sons, Brothers, Husbands, to bewail no more,
 Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

A I R

So shall the Lute and Harp awake,
 And sprightly Voice sweet Descant run;
 Seraphic Melody to make,
 In the pure Strains of *Jesse's* Son.

Israelitish Messenger.

From *Capharsalma*, on Eagle's Wings I fly,
 With Tidings of impetuous Joy.—
 Came *Ezras*, with his Host, array'd
 In Coat of Mail; their massy Shields
 Of Gold and Brass, flash'd lightning through the Fields;
 While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants display'd
 A horrid Front, but *Judas*, undismay'd,
 Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful Train.

RECITATIVE.

Yet more; *Nicanor*, is with Thousands slain;
 The blasphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
 The living God, and in his wanton Pride

A Monument ordain'd
 Of Victories yet ungain'd :
 But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear,
 To dissipate all Fear,
 He bears the Vaunter's Head and Hand,
 That threaten'd Defolation to the Land.

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

See the conqu'ring Hero comes,
 Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums ;
 Sport prepare, the Laurel bring,
 Songs of Triumph to him sing.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

See the Godlike Youth advance,
 Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance ;
 Myrtle Wreaths, and Roses twine,
 To deck the Hero's Brows divine.

The MARCH.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high Affections raise,
 To crown this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise.

RECITATIVE.

JUDAS.

Sweet flow the Strains, that strike my feasted Ear,
 Angels might stoop from Heav'n to hear

The comely Songs ye sing
 To *Israel's* Lord and King.—
 But pause awhile—due Obsequies prepare,
 To those who bravely fell in War,—
 To *Eleazer* special Tribute pay.—
 Through slaughter'd Troops he cut his Way
 To the distinguish'd Elephant, and whelm'd beneath
 The deep-stabb'd Monster, triumph'd in a glorious death.

A I R.

With Honour let Desert be crown'd ;
 The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound ;
 But all attentive to Alarms,
 The willing Nations fly to Arms :
 And conquering, or conquered, claim the Prize,
 Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.
 Eupolemus [The *Jewish* Ambassador to *Rome*.]
 Peace to my Countrymen ;—Peace and Liberty.—
 From the great Senate of Imperial *Rome*,
 With a firm League of Amity I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare insult us more,
 Will rouse in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r.
 And stretch her vengeful Arm, by Land or Sea,
 “ To curb the Proud, and set the injur'd free.”

C H O R U S.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n
 That grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude descend—
 Praise-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend.
 Come, my fair Daughters, choicest Art bestow,
 To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
 And in your Songs, for ever be confess'd,
 The Valour that preserv'd, the Power that bless'd,
 Bless'd you with Hours, that scatter, as they fly,
 Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.

A I R.

O, lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
 Come, spread thy Blessings all round,
 Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
 — And Vallies smile with wavy Corn:
 Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound
 But Nature's Songsters wake the chearful Morn.

A I R and C H O R U S.

S I M O N.

Rejice, O *Judas*, and in Songs divine,
 With *Cherubim* and *Seraphim* harmonious join. *Hallelujah, &c.*

F I N I S.

